

Cooper's Clarksbury Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER.]

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TERMS

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THE HISTORY OF LAFITTE, THE REPUTED PIRATE.

Circumstances made us acquainted, at one period of our life, says the Philadelphia Ledger, with the real facts of Lafitte's history, verified in a manner that left no loop-holes for falsehood to creep in. Since then, we have read most of the novels that have been written respecting him, and greater libels were probably never penned—for they represent Lafitte either as a romantic hero or as a human fiend, when in fact he was neither. On the contrary, he was a man who had been goaded by great wrongs to seek revenge, which he did in the wild Arab way, so often characteristic of seamen, and which is nourished in the blood, partly by the loneliness of the sea, and partly by a life free from the conventionalities of civilization, for a true sailor has as Herman Melville says a spice of the wild morality of the desert, and, as it were, the Bedouin of the great deep.

Jean Lafitte was born on the Garonne, and not at Marseilles, and was from his boyhood accustomed to the ocean—for he belonged to a family which, for many generations, had furnished some of the most skillful and daring privateersmen of Bayonne. In the great war of the French revolution, when the commerce of his native province was almost destroyed, he embarked as a lieutenant on board a private armed vessel, which, after running a brilliant career, was captured by a superior force and carried into an English port.

Here Lafitte, with the other officers and crew, were cast into prison.—Time passed, and his captain, his brother lieutenants, and common men even obtained freedom, but Lafitte, himself remained a prisoner. His friends, however, and relatives, too, were active to procure his discharge. Several times were prisoners of equal rank sent into the English ports by the agency of his old captain, in order to exchange for him; but it was not until many years has passed that Lafitte found himself free.

This long detention raised in him almost savage thirst for vengeance against England, and on his release he returned immediately to privateering, principally for the harm he might thus do England.

The pacification of Europe after the treaty of Fontainebleau deprived him from legally carrying on his revenge; but long years of solitary brooding in prison, and night watchings afterward upon the lonely sea, had destroyed to a great extent his reverence for human law—he had, determined, accordingly, to continue his career; yet he retained from attacking any but English vessels, since it was only against England that he sought revenge. His relations in France heard of his course with inexplicable pain, and remonstrated with him earnestly, especially one who had been a sort of guardian to his youth, and who now expostulated with him almost with tears. But Lafitte was inexorable. At last his early friend called in the aid of religion, and reminded the erring man of the awful destiny he was preparing for himself in eternity. The reply was characteristic. "If I go to," wrote Lafitte, savagely, "I will drag plenty of Englishmen after me!" His relatives, aware how great had been his provocation; could say no more; but from that hour, for many long years, the name of the wandering outlaw ceased to be spoken in the household of his father; and children, in whom blood rank kindred to his own, grew up to manhood ignorant of his very existence.

The subsequent career of Lafitte is well known. Though he committed acts of piracy on British vessels, he paid no reward to the revenue laws of any nation.—For a long time he had under him quite a considerable force at the Islands of Barbadoes. But his early education which had been strict, asserted its power at last, old memories re-awakened, and he sighed to return again to civilized life, to lay down the branch of pirate to pass his days in quiet. The volcano of passion or insanity—for it was as much one as the other—had burnt out of that fiery heart. He made his peace with the United States, as is popularly known, just before the battle of New Orleans. Subsequently he returned to his native land, where he died not many years ago. His wife whom he married in America, is still living, or was at the time we heard the narrative we have given above.

The Norwegian Colony in Potter county, Pa., established by Ole Bull, already contains 700 inhabitants, and owns 140,000 acres. Ole Bull has a superb Norwegian cottage there, and proposes to establish a polytechnic school for the advancement of arts and sciences.

A FORTUNE.—It is stated that Mr. J. B. Booth, jr., is said to have netted \$200,000 in California, partly from his profession and partly from business speculations, and is about retiring from the stage.

Agricultural Items.

To PREVENT MICE EATING YOUNG APPLE AND PEAR TREES.—Make white wash by mixing three pounds of fresh burnt lumps of lime in five gallons of brine, and apply it warm. If a half a pound of powdered barytes be added to the mixture, or the same quantity of arsenic, the application will be effectual; because a taste will kill.

CURE FOR THE STAGGERS.—We are indebted to Captain Henry B. Harman of this county, says the Jeffersonville (Tazewell county) Democrat, for the following effectual cure for the Stagers:—Take one quart of brandy or whiskey, and desolve one ounce of champhor in it, and give for a dose one gill. In about two hours after taking this preparation, they will get up. Care should be taken to prevent them from drinking water for twenty-four hours, in which time a complete cure will be effected. He warrants his recipe to accomplish a perfect cure nine times out of ten, having several years tried it successfully.

GALLS FROM THE HARNESS OR SADDLE.—Maj. Long, in his valuable account of his expedition to the Rocky mountains, says that his party found white lead, moistened with milk, to succeed better than anything else in preventing the bad effects of gall on their horses backs, in their march over the plains that border the mountains. Its effect in smoothing and soothing the irritated and inflamed surface, was admirable.—American Farmer.

MANURE.—The manure applied to the soil of England, says the Agriculturist, amounts to three hundred millions of dollars; being more than the value of the whole of its foreign commerce; yet the great soil yields back with interest all that is lavished upon it. And so it would be here if we would only trust the soil with any portion of our capital. But this we rarely do.

PORTRAIT HOUSES.—Give these a complete cleansing; clean out all the nests, whitewash the inside as well as the outside of them, and when dry, put in fresh hay that done, whitewash the planks both inside and outside; break up some mortar for the hens to pick—if you have not any old mortar, provided them with lime where they can have free access to it; besides this, supply them with ashes and sand to dust themselves in, feed them alternately with oats, corn and buckwheat, and you may reasonably calculate upon an early supply of eggs and spring chickens.

HULLING CORN.—At a late meeting of the New Hampshire Legislative Agricultural Society, all the speakers objected to hilling corn. One farmer who had experimented by hilling and leaving the earth level, found no apparent difference in the product, but found the hilled portions more likely to be broken down by storms. The other stood more firmly; or if bent sooner recovered itself. Was not this owing to the better maturing and hardening of the roots?

A CURE FOR SCRATCHES ON HORSES.—The white or red lead mix, it with oil, and rub in a few times on the part diseased, and a cure will be effected. The scurf should be washed off clean every day with warm soap suds, and the lead thoroughly rubbed in. A couple of spoonfuls of sulphur given to the horse twice a week, will be of service to him. I have found this to cure when everything else failed. So says W. N. Chatterdon, of Beckmantown, N. Y., in the Genesee Farmer.

Gen. Jackson's reminiscences of the Battle of New Orleans.

Philo Jackson writes to the Savannah Journal, an interesting account of a visit to Gen. Jackson, at the Hermitage, in 1839, from which we extract the following:

"I longed to hear him speak of his great battle, and one of the greatest battles, too, of modern history, the crowning exploit of his military life, the battle of the 8th of January, before New Orleans. He had just returned from his last visit to that city, and lamented the decease of most of his old compatriots since that battle. All the officers except Col. Tibault, he observed, were dead. He then graphically described the field, the fortifications as he laughingly called them, and the victory, in a manner I shall never forget.—"Mr. Eaton," said Gen. Jackson, "has greatly erred in his description of the American works. He says I had a strong breastwork of cotton bags. There was not a bag of cotton on that field, sir! I had some store-boxes and sand-bags, or bags filled with sand, and these were extended along the lines, but they were so low that at the close of the action, when the British surviving General in command, came riding upon an elegant horse, to surrender his sword, when he got near me, I heard him exclaim, with mortified surprise:—'Barriercs, by—, I could leap them with my horse!' I laughed heartily at his astonishment, for so he could; and besides, on one wing, the works were not completed; I had nothing there but a cornfield fence. If the British had only known to turn it. But by keeping my men constantly throwing over fences and ladders on the works, the British were effectually deceived. But I never had so grand and awful an idea of the resurrection as on that day. After the smoke of the battle had cleared off somewhat, (our men were in hot pursuit of the flying enemy,) then I saw in the distance, more than five hundred British emerging from heaps of their dead comrades, all over the plain rising up and more distinctly visible, as the field became clearer, coming forward and rendering as prisoners of war to our soldiers! They had fallen at our first fire on them, without having received a scratch and lay prostrate, as if dead, till the close of the action." Gen. Jackson regarded this action justly as the most glorious achievement of his life. That victory was as glorious to his country as to the hero of New Orleans—yet the strategy of the General in this masterly battle has

never been duly appreciated in any history of it I have seen."

PREMIUM POEMS.

How to Write a Roaring Poem.

BY E. MULVANT O'NOONNY.

'Tis as say, me darlin, a poem to write, As it is at a pattern, to kick up a fight— That is, av yev janias, which may be yev not, In which case just take the jest janias yev got. But janias or not, av you mind what I say, Ye can do up the matter in style, any way.

Ye must get in your room, av ye have got one, And there

Take courage, take paper, take pens, take a chair, Take a bottle of ink, take a jug, an' some lemons—

(Andy Blake has some whoppers, be sure you got them ones.)

Stand for poteen, an' av ye can't get Janishoven, Get sugar a store, and a griddle bone for lanch, And proceed circumspostly to make you some punch.

Take of whiskey a pint, of a lemon four squeezes,

Of sugar as much as a sugar-tonn seizes, Of water a tay-spoonful, mighty well heated,

Stir them up with a shake, an' yer punch is completed.

Then sit down to your work, and to aid ye to think,

Pour the punch out in a tumbler an' decently drink;

An' of this thing be certain beyond any doubt,

That the punch an' ideas will both soon be out;

An' av I'm not mistaken, you'll purify soon show 'em,

That the spirit has gone from the punch to the poem—

With the heat of the water, the tart of the fruit, With the sweetness that lies in the sugar to boot.

How to Write a Sweet Poem.

BY LUCY SOPHISTART.

Read a sweet novel—or'er them shed sweet tears—

Make love to a sweet maid of tender years;

Of water a tay-spoonful, mighty well heated,

Pronounce all babies sweet, and like papa—

When a lamb bleats, say 'tis the sweetest bass;

Admire all patchwork quilts with patterns sweet,

And never smoke, nor choose nor onions eat;

Buy such sweet bonnets for your sisters, and

The sweetest trinkets you can find at hand;

Say sweet things to the ladies—sweetly smile,

And like a sweet brigand, look all the while;

And such sweet poems as you'll sweetly write,

Whose sweet expressions will make sweet once sigh,

And bring from sweet young girls the sweet 'Oh, my'—

How to Write a Jam-Up Poem.

BY MOSE KEYSER.

If for to write some poetry;

You certainly are bent, y

And to make every body cry,

You make your sole intent.

You never kin, though you may try,

Make any worth a cent,

Unless you pile the agony,

And then you let her wrent.

How to Write a Splendiferous Poem.

BY A. HATHAWAY HATHAWAY ALLEGATOR.

Go for to praise up like a cloth,

Drink the Mississippi dry,

Put Allegator in your hat,

A steamboat in your eye,

And for your breakfast buffalo,

Some five and twenty fry.

Go kill the whole Comanche tribe,

Some day before you die;

Pick out to make you a walking-stick,

A Callornia pine;

And then turn round and frown so dark

The sun won't dare to shine.

Go whip a ton of grizzly bear,

With nothing but a fan;

And prove yourself by all these feats,

To be a Western man;

And you can write a poem grand

If anybody can.

Written for the Register.

THE AVEGGER.

BY MARIE JANE TAYLOR.

"What a fearful thing it is to believe in destiny; how it weighs upon the spirit; sits like an incubus upon the soul, and looms in dark uncertainty over the future; clothing every eventful life in garments of its own sombre hue; and chilling each warm emotion of the heart till it congeals to ice, and leaves nought but smouldering ashes behind."

Such were the words of a young man, as he emerged from a deep forest that studded the banks of the Rio Grande, and stood gazing upon the far spreading plains of Texas. In person he was tall and majestic, and to a casual observer he might have appeared too slender and fragile for one of his sex, but to a close observer there was a muscular symmetry in that delicate form that bespoke great strength as well as activity.

His features were bold, regular and handsome; his eyes, dark, brilliant and piercing; now shaded with a look of deep sadness, and anon sparkling with the wild, dark thoughts that flitted through his brain; imparted to his countenance all the variety and changes of an April day.

He was clad in a Mexican Guerilla, with dark green poncha, and bright yellow scarf; but from the variety of weapons with which he was armed, an observer would have been at fault to decide to what class of people he belonged; for while the fatal lasso and deadly poinard seemed to announce him to be a Mexican; the huge bowie knife and murderous revolvers that protruded from his pocket proclaimed him to be one of those daring desperadoes, known as the regulators; who from time to time had spread desolation and death over the infant settlements of Texas.—He gazed around him for a moment with a wild, vacant stare, then folding his arms across his chest, he leaned heavily against an enormous tulip tree that shed its spiral branches high into the clear, cool air, and was soon buried in his own thoughts, which, to judge from the increased gloom of his countenance, were dark and de-

sponding.

The scene around him was one of more than ordinary beauty; the majestic river swept onward with a low, murmur, like the last faint echo of the vespers chime; reflecting on its limpid bosom the rich foliage of the overhanging trees, upon whose branches numberless strange, bright birds were congregated, who made the air vocal with wild and plaintive music.

Far away could be seen the interminable ocean of verdure, now gently waving in the morning breeze, like the blue waters of the Pacific; while the lordly bison, the stately elk and the graceful antelope lazily nipt the enamelled grass, or sped away to where some silvery nook lent additional beauty to the undulating prairie.

But neither the season or its charms seemed to make any impression upon the stranger. The soft-winged zephyr lifted the dark brown hair from his lofty brow, but its coolness was unfelt by him, and starting from his reverie, he impatiently exclaimed:

"Alas, that I should be a murderer.—Why was I destined for such an end?—But the bloody corpse of my father is yet before mine eyes, as plainly as it was on the day that he fell by the hands of the cruel Pritchards, and his dying voice still rings in mine ear the word 'revenge.'—Yes, he shall be avenged; his murderer shall die by this hand, for I have sworn to do it, and the oath made to the dead shall be sacredly fulfilled, even if it should make life itself a curse to me."

"A curse did I say? May I feel already accursed, for birds, beasts, flowers and trees, and even this murmuring stream seem to whisper in mine ear the hated name of murderer. But a voice louder than these, a voice that mocks the thunder tones of the tempest, howls continually the word 'revenge!' and that voice I shall obey," and as he concluded, he drew a huge bowie from his sheath, and again muttered the word 'revenge'; but scarcely had it left its lips when a light footstep sounded upon his ear, and an Indian, painted, armed and equipped, as for war, stood before him.

"Heaven be praised, it is Ocoela," said the young man as the knife fell from his hand, and he threw his arms around the neck of his dusky friend. The Indian seemed to be somewhat annoyed at this sudden outburst of feeling in the young man, and setting his rifle down by a tree, he gazed upon him for a moment, and then said:

"My white brother has the heart of a squaw to day; but the great spirit may have troubled his dreams, and he wanted to see the face of his red brother, let the young brave speak, Ocoela will hear."

"Has the Mexicans crossed the Rio Grande?" asked the young man with some anxiety.

"They have, and the pale faces will have a long and bloody fight, for some of the warriors that live on the hunting ground will fight with the Mexican braves."

"How do you know that? How did you hear it?" asked the young man in a breath.

"Hut!" said the young Indian as he sunk down to the ground, and held up his hand in a warning attitude; "Ocoela hears men coming, and they may be enemies."

"All men are enemies to me," said the young man, in a gloomy tone; but he caught the dark piercing eyes of the Indian fastened upon him, and he added "I have no friend but Ocoela."

The Indian continued to gaze upon him for a moment, and then replied, "When the breath of the great spirit caused the leaves to turn yellow and die, Ocoela went far away among the mountains to hunt the bear and otter; and no one went with him but a dog, and though he was among his enemies he did not feel alone; for the Great Spirit was above him, and he had one true and faithful friend. Then let Ocoela's dog was to him he will be to the white brave. But come, we must hide like the cunning fox, till we see what those strangers may want; for the pale faces are like the grizzly bear, they cannot hurt unless they see you," and as he concluded, he fastened his rifle securely in his belt, and ascended the tree with all the agility of a cougar.

"Noble and generous son of the forest," said the young man, as he followed the agile form of his companion with equal ease up into the tree. "Never shall I sin again by complaining of the desertion of the world, so long as I have one such friend as you to care for me."

"See they come!" said the Indian, as two horsemen appeared at a short distance, approaching from opposite quarters, but with the evident design of joining each other. One of them was a tall, dark complexioned man, with a sinister and shrewd countenance, and dressed in the costume of a Mexican officer; but the other presented an appearance calculated to strike the beholder at once with fear and aversion.

He was a man of herculean dimensions, with great breadth and depth of chest; his lips were large, his nose prominent, and a deep scar which traversed the entire left cheek, gave additional ferocity to his countenance. He was evidently past the meridian of life, for the stiff bushy hair that protruded from under his riding cap had assumed an iron grey color, and stood forth from his temples in heavy lines, that almost touched the heavy, frowning eyebrows, from beneath which gleamed forth two ferocious eyes, that shone with serpent-like lustre.

"Come up to this cool shade," said the latter, in a loud jeering tone, as he rode under the tree into which the two friends had climbed. "There now, get down and take off your cap and let me see if you are man enough to face Tom Pritchards." This was said in an insulting

tone, but the Mexican seemed to know his man, and with a slight shudder of fear and disgust, he did as he was commanded; and he was not to be accused of cowardice, for many a braver man than he had turned pale at the dreaded name of Tom Pritchards, the far famed and bloody duelist.

"I presume that I stand in the presence of Col. Pritchards," said the officer with a low bow.

"I presume you do," said Pritchards with a hoarse laugh. "And may I inquire your business with me? I received a note from General Herrera, your worshipful master, requesting me to be upon this spot, and at this hour, as he had some business to transact with me; and I am so used to being punctual in my dueling appointments, that you see I am here to the moment. Did you ever fight a duel, fellow?"

"No, I never did, and by all the saints in the calendar. I never will," said the officer firmly.

"Then you are a coward, and deserve to be horsewhipped, but I will not give it to you now, for I want to know your business with me, so speak out and let me hear."

"Why you know, sir, that your country and ours is at war, and that we have just brought over a large force to make Texas return to her duty; and as many of our citizens have united with us, we had hoped to procure on the list of our confederates, the great name of Col. Pritchards."

"Let me hear some of the names that you have upon your list."

"The most prominent name, sir, is that of Robert Andrews, whose father was killed six years ago in a duel, and it appears that before he died he made his son take an oath to avenge his death, and he has returned with us for the purpose of fulfilling that oath, and he will do it, for he is as fearless as a tiger, and the most powerful man I have ever seen."

"Ha, exclaimed Pritchards as he sprang to his feet and grasped his revolvers; those fatal weapons that had sent so many souls into the presence of their God, with all the crimes upon their heads."

"Ha, does the young miscreant dare to talk of vengeance? does he dare to say that he will meet Tom Pritchards for life or death? Killed his father, I own the deed, but I cannot rest till the life-blood of his son shall stain the same soil—yes the same spot. I loved his sister, he refused to let her marry me because I was a duelist, but he felt the power of my arm, and his rebel son shall feel the same," and in the wild excitement of his feelings, he seized the arm of the frightened Mexican in his grasp, and pressed it with such violence that he fairly shrieked with pain.

"Mon Signor forgets that I am not young Andrews, said the trembling officer as he strove in vain to free himself from the iron grasp of the duelist; 'he forgets that I am a friend who has merely come to bear the tidings of my superior to him, and I pray Colonel Pritchards to release his hold that I may return.'"

Just then a slight rustling was heard among the boughs of the tree, as young Andrews attempted to descend, to cool from his mortal foe; but as he moved from his place, the Indian bent toward him and whispered, "The panther springs not upon the buffalo till the herd is divided, let the young brave wait until he can meet his enemy upon the ground."

Andrews instantly comprehended the danger to which he would expose himself, by descending the tree in full view of his enemy; and composing himself he again bent his ear to catch the conversation that was going on below. "Well, fellow," resumed Pritchards; "I will join you on one condition, and that is that you will let me know as soon as Andrews reaches your camp, for you say that he is not there now, and you shall point him out to me, for he was a mere boy when he went to Mexico, and I would not recognize him now. Do you hear?"

"You shall be obeyed, sir, we will give him up to you; but how many of your friends can you bring to our aid?"

"About twenty. So now good bye, and to-morrow I will be with you, and then for vengeance upon the young rascal who dares speak of me," and mounting his horse, the traitor plucked his spurs into his sides, and was soon lost in the distance, while the officer mounted, muttering to himself, "Heaven defend me from such a beast, holy Virgin, but he has almost broken my arm by his brutal strength, and I fear me that I cannot go through the sword exercise for a week to come."

As soon as they were out of sight, Andrews turned his expressive eyes to the stoical face of his red friend, who with his dark soul piercing eyes had been regarding his every movement, and now seeming to fathom his thoughts, said in a low, peculiar tone:

"The white men drove the Indians from the hunting-ground, but other pale faces have come to drive them away; my brother must fight by the side of those who are fighting for their homes, their wives and their children, for his enemies are strong on the other side. Let my white brother go to the village of the Indians, and let him stay there till his red brother shall call him away, and the book of the Great Spirit which you taught me to read, will guard him while brother through all the snares of his foes," and descending from the tree the Indian pointed, impressively toward a distant village, and then pressing the hand of his young companion to his heart, he swiftly left the spot.

It was in the latter part of the summer, in the year 1836. The sun had just touched the edge of the western horizon, when a stranger habited in a plain suit of black, entered the neat and handsome village of Benton, in Texas. His fine form

seemed sinking from fatigue and long exposure to the intense heat, and his handsome and intelligent countenance, was clouded by an expression of deep sadness, that lent a charm to his classical features.

"Who can that be, Uncle?" inquired a lovely and gentle girl as she sat by a window, watching the graceful movements of the young stranger, as he slowly and thoughtfully walked to and fro through the court beneath.

"His name is Bradford, Marie, and beyond that I know nothing, he is silent and reserved, and says nothing about himself or family, yet it strikes me that I have seen him before, but where, I cannot tell."

"Poor youth, he seems oppressed by some heavy sorrow, and is yet so kind and gentle that to know is to pity and admire him. I have thought that I would introduce him to you, my sweet Marie, for I know that your kind and tender heart could sympathize with any of the children of misfortune, for you so much resemble your angel mother, that I know you have not one drop of your father's blood in your veins."

The young girl sighed, and her head sunk upon her bosom as the closing remark of her uncle reached her, and as he left the room, a tear stole from her soft blue eye, to the memory of that mother who now slept the sleep of death; and that father whose vices she had long viewed with disgust and terror. Deeply bitter were the thoughts of that fair young creature, over whose life sixteen summers had scarcely set; and as her uncle entered with the pensive stranger, her smile of friendship was blended with a tear of sad remembrance of the past, which rendered her doubly interesting in the eyes of the unknown.

"I hope that you will consider yourself at home, whilst among us, Mr. Bradford," said she as she arose to reply to his graceful salutation. "My uncle is very kind and will strive to make his house agreeable to you, so long as you may choose to continue with us."

"Pleasant it will surely be, with such an angel to preside over it as thee, lovely Marie," thought the stranger, as he gazed in her lovely face, but soon recovering from his mental abstraction, he replied in a low musical voice, whose tones touched her inmost soul.

"Fair lady, I thank you for this manifestation of your kindness and friendship, and long will the remembrance of your goodness remain in my heart as the most precious recollection of the past. Few have been the joys that I have known lately, for ere the spring-tide of youth had passed away, my life was darkened by the death of my father, by the hand of a duelist, and before a year had fled, I followed the hallowed remains of my mother to her final resting place, and beheld the last sod placed upon the breast of the only being in the wide world, to whom my welfare was of any interest, and as he concluded, a silent tear trembled for a moment in his dark eye, and as he turned away, as if to conceal his emotions from the fair girl, who had by her sympathies thus awakened feelings, that had hitherto been concealed within his own burdened breast.

"Ah, too well do I know the curse that attends a duelist," said the kind-hearted girl, and her damask cheek grew a shade paler. "But may I ask where you have spent your time since the death of your parents?"

"A portion of my time was spent in the Capitol of Mexico, where I received my education, and the remainder of my life has been passed among the Indians of Mandan, where I have formed attachments that will while life endures," said he as his thoughts turned upon the faithful Indian, who had followed his footsteps to his native land, and was even now watching over his best interests with more than fraternal care.

The night had now set in, but it was a night that differed widely from the calm, bright day that had preceded it. Heavy clouds rolled over the broad disc of the moon, and the deep-toned thunder began to rumble in the distance, while pale flashes of electricity shot athwart the gloomy heavens, and sharp gusts of wind howled through the branches of the trembling trees, and moaned through the crevices of the mansion wherein Marie and her companion were seated.

"This is indeed a fearful night," said she, as a loud peal of thunder, followed by a vivid flash of fire, and a rattling shower of rain, shook the building to its centre. "This is a terrible night," she continued, as she unconsciously drew nearer to the side of her companion, as if for protection. "And it seems a true emblem of the tempest of death that is even now sweeping over our country. Have you heard that the Mexicans have invaded Texas?" she asked; but at that moment a lurid glare of unearthly brightness lighted up the dark heavens with fearful lustre, and shot along the verge of the horizon, like the fiery tail of some fearful comet.

"Heavens! they are burning San Augustine," said the uncle of Marie, as he rushed into the room pale as marble. "And my poor, unfortunate child," he added, as he took her cold hands in his, "I have just heard that your unworthy father has betrayed his country and joined the enemy, and is even now carrying fire and death wherever he goes."

"It wanted but this piece of intelligence to complete the utter despair of the hapless girl, and with a faint moan she sank back in her chair in a deep swoon. Before the terrified uncle could summon his wife to her aid, the young stranger lifted her up in his strong arms, and bore her to the window, but as he threw up the sash to admit the cool night air, the electric fluid burst from the dark bosom of the heavens with terrific splendour, revealing the street literally lined with Mexican uniforms and glittering weapons, while at

their head, his hideous face disfigured by all the devilish passions of his breast, rode that terror of his country, that waster of human life, Tom Pritchards. The young man felt all the awkwardness of his situation, and he knew if he was discovered by the Mexicans that he would instantly be recognized by them, and his life he knew would instantly be taken.

"Search the house for him," shouted Pritchards in a tone of fiendish excitement; "Fifty dollars to the man who shall first discover him, for I cannot sleep soundly in my bed till the young rascal has gone to his reckoning."